

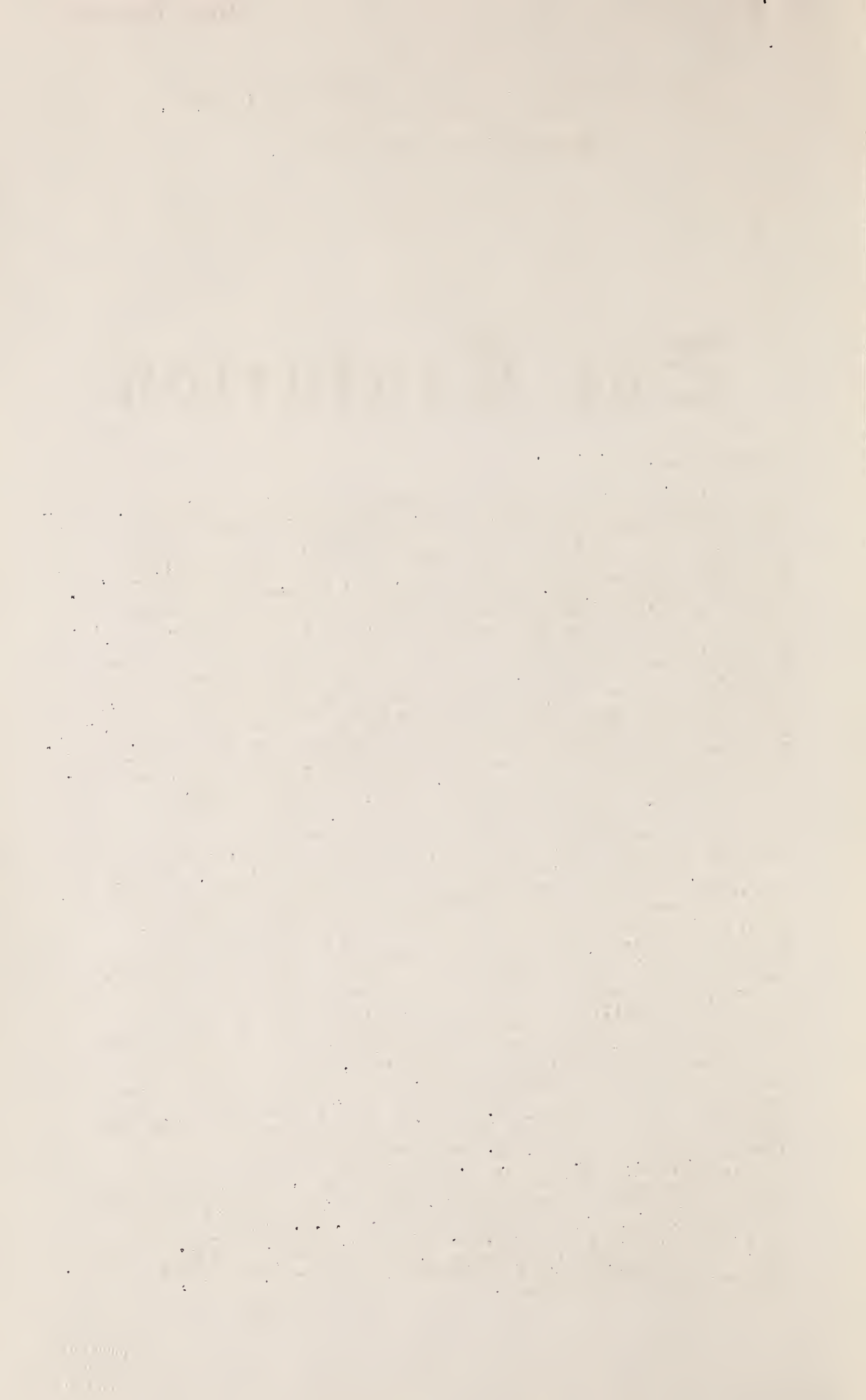
Published at Victoria College

The Centurion

EDITORIAL

Fools! Did you really think that childish window breaking, senseless midnight effigy hangings, and puerile telephone threats on our mother's lives could deter us from printing our crusading chronicle? No. As long as we can draw breath; as long as these desiccated claw-like hands can still hold a pen (pool-cue), THE CENTURION will continue to live, nay, more, bloom and flourish. Unless, of course, some small inconvenience is experienced in which case we'll naturally pack the whole thing in. Therefore, you need not go to any REAL lengths to effect its cessation. Actually, when faced with the figures on the mortality rate of Victoria College periodicals, we feel like fugitives from the law of averages as it is. In fact, the real difficulty in such a publishing venture seems to be selection of a title which has not been previously used. The learned Mr. Nixon seems to have encountered some difficulties in this regard. But of this, enough. In the usual CENTURION style (absolute disregard for all accepted grammatical, spelling, and college principles), we will now endeavour to impart the details, both real and fabulous, pertaining to this issue. English majors will note, with some dismay, the paragraph indentations, conspicuous - - to work an old cliché right to its sarcophagus - - by their absence. There is a reason for this omission. Each new topic, properly speaking, requires a fresh paragraph, and subsequently, an indentation. Now, in our shot, but informative, editorial, so many diverse topics are covered that were we to adhere strictly to our Harbrace College Handbook, we fear the reader should receive nought but a blank page of indentations. There be no room at all for the editorial. Be that as it may. We were absolutely astounded with the reader response in our mailbox after the last issue. On closer scrutiny, however, we did manage to locate one or two letters that had fallen (or been pushed!!!) to the floor. These, augmented by the submissions to the Martlet, Stylus, and Critic, which we were able to peculate from the adjacent slots, form the core of this assault on the Queen's English. On the flanks, the usual Bell-O'Brien drive will be found. Can it be the entire college populus has been visited with acute graphophobia? A distinct paucity of cartoons was also perceived. None, to be exact. Consequently, art work in this issue will be confined to one illustration which has already enjoyed a larger, if less discriminating audience (see Times, Fri., Jan. 26, p. 4). It now occurs to us that the only way to lever any response from Joe College is to precipitate a modicum of spirited controversy by printing some extremely polemic assertions. So, with that end in view . . . The Student Council is a fine, HONEST body. Mrs. Norris makes GOOD coffee. Leslie Millin is a PLEASANT individual. College girls are not ALL 14 kt. brats. The CENTURION is a HUMOROUS periodical. There, that should bring a hailstorm.

EDITORS



"THE CENTURION"

Humor by the Megaton
PERPETRATORS: Daniel O'Brien, Bob Bell, Chris Morely

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Sirs:
Enjoyed your paper immensely . .
. . read it over and over . . .
peachy keen.
Sharon Kirk

Dear Sirs:
My most heartfelt and vigorous
felicitations on the inception
of this fine literary endeavour
- - it marks an epoch in jour-
nalism.
Cathy Emery

Dear Sirs:
A smasher!
Bernie Jordens

Dear Sirs:
Ripping!
Derek Smith

Dear Sirs:
I appreciate your paper very
much - - but my customers com-
plain the ink comes off on the
fish.
Ernie the Fishseller

Dear Sirs:
Re "Worst Joke in the World"
contest; why not submit this
week's edition of the CENTURION?
John Hogg
WHY NOT SUBMIT JOHN HOGG?
Editors.

Dear Sirs:
Please return 1765 beer bottle
tops - - assorted brands - - to
mail box "B". Thank you.
"B"

P.S. Are you sure you counted
correctly? If so, someone sneak-
ed in an extra cap - - we had
exactly 147 dozen brew.

YOU'RE RIGHT. A RECOUNT SHOWED
1764 BEER CAPS AND AN OLD "I
LIKE ELVIS" BUTTON. Editors

Dear Sirs:
I resent the implications made
on your last art page. My boys
are on the way.
Chief Blackstock

BELL DID IT. D. O'Brien
IT WAS O'BRIEN. B. Bell

Dear Sirs:
Just for the record, all your
"Date Refusal Recoveries" work
quite well. Do you have any
more I could use?
Ann Logie

Dear Sirs:
Used the exam cheating methods
advocated in last issue. Will
do odd jobs, cheap.
Gordon Shrimpton

Dear Sirs:
Those Indians know their planets.
Rita DelMar

CONQUESTS

If perchance the reader is one of the few
remaining ~~xxxx~~ romantic isles, rapidly eroding in the sea of
modern cynicism, he will be heartened to learn that the Age of
Heros is definitely not yet over.

The most perilous and exacting task will still seek out and
find among the common ruck of men a champion who, heeding the
beacon, will rise to the occasion and cover himself, victorious
or defeated, in glorious honor.

It is the intended purpose of this small notice to pay
tribute to such a hero; Francis X. Bushleaguer (Ed. XIII).

And what did this noble warrior do to earn such laurels?
Did he, like his arch-type Hercules, do battle with some fer-
ocious monster or undertake some prodigious feat of physical
endurance?

No, not exactly, although his achievement may be equated
with the fifth labour of that ancient hero, as he did have much
the same material with which to contend.

Actually, the best simile thus far offered has his exploit
roughly compared to swimming two thousand yards through a pool
of warm oatmeal in a tweed suit.

But I digress. What was this modern day hero's claim to
fame?

This young man, armed only with a small bottle of ben-
zidene pills, read, cover to cover, last weeks copy of the
CRITIC.

HUMAN BEHAVIOR

Club Activities

LISTENERS CLUB Emergency meeting to be held Fri., 10th, to discuss skyrocketing prices on hearing aid batteries. See C.A. Cophony, Pres.

ROWING CLUB Discussion of plans to steal Parliament Bldgs., and hi-jack M.V. Tsawwassen. Tentative outline for kidnapping Jacqueline Kennedy. For info call B. Hur, EVII-MCMLVII

HOCKEY CLUB (not to be confused with below) Meeting, Mar. 2, 5:00 PM, Ingraham, Table 4. Attempts to solve dilemma - - five people at game, 500 at party afterwards.

HOOKY CLUB Meet to discuss policing of organization. Rumors have lecture hearers in midst. Also speech by Larry "the Landmark" Lethargy entitled, "It Was Never this Easy In High School". Cafeteria, Mon.-Fri., 8:30-5:30.

JIVE CLUB Emergency meeting to discuss replacement of outdated cloths pins with war surplus gas masks to combat locker-room musk arising x from heated sessions in the old gym (The Pit). Fri., 1:30 in the showers.

BRIDGE CLUB Need forty-two new members to bring club up to pre-Xmas strength. Meetings synchronous with Hooky Club.

RUSSIAN ROULETTE CLUB Victoria College team lost to U.B.C. 11-0 over the weekend. Evening social Feb. 10 will start membership drive. Dancing and movie afterwards. (Frank Sinatra in "A Hole in the Head").

ENGINEERS CLUB (This spirited group is still unaware that their club has been declared in dissolution for the last year and a half, mainly since the majority of the members are still at the last party.)

EMERGENCY MEETING To plan some new emergencies. Student's Council Office Feb. 29.

CRYPTOGRAPHY CLUB J cfu zpv uijol zpv's qsfuuz tnbsu. Xfmm zpv bsf.

THUGEE CLUB Annual Convention, Mar. 1, commencing with devotional ceremony. Bring x handkerchiefs. After services there will be dancing for members (in the air, if the British catch you). For info call Bombay 7-2957. Ask for "Kali".

CENTURION EDITORIAL MEETING Special talk. "They Won't Expell US!" by Daniel O'Brien, speaker. Also, "They Need the Tuition" by Bob Bell, listener.

CATTLEMENS ASSOCIATION (Gordon Head Branch) Lecture by Tex Lone-star. "University, Shmuniversity, they're still sodbusters." Tallyho Saloon, 8:00 pm, Fri.

VICTORIA COLLEGE CONTENT CONTROL BOARD Memo to directors. Drastic censorship required again on The Centurion, The Stylus, and the Student Telephone Directory. F. Nitty, Pres.

WUGS Nominations open (again) for WUGS World editorship. Position needn't interfere with academic pursuits as final exams will definitely be over before next issue. Ideal prestige position.

STUDENT'S COUNCIL MEETING was held last Mon. Topics discussed were: How should we explain the forty-two bucks - - or should we bother. Suggestions for proposed Student's Service (SS) cordon to police campus. New pages of doubletalk introduced for memorization. Brine Little, resplendent in his new green corduroy suit (with two pairs pants), gave a talk, "The Art of Clamming Up".

* * * * WATZIT'S MENS WEAR * * * *

Special * * * * Special
Sale on CORDUROY SUITS (with two pairs pants)
In stunning puce, ochre, fuchsia, vermillion, and
GREEN **
This Week Only - - - \$ 42.00
**

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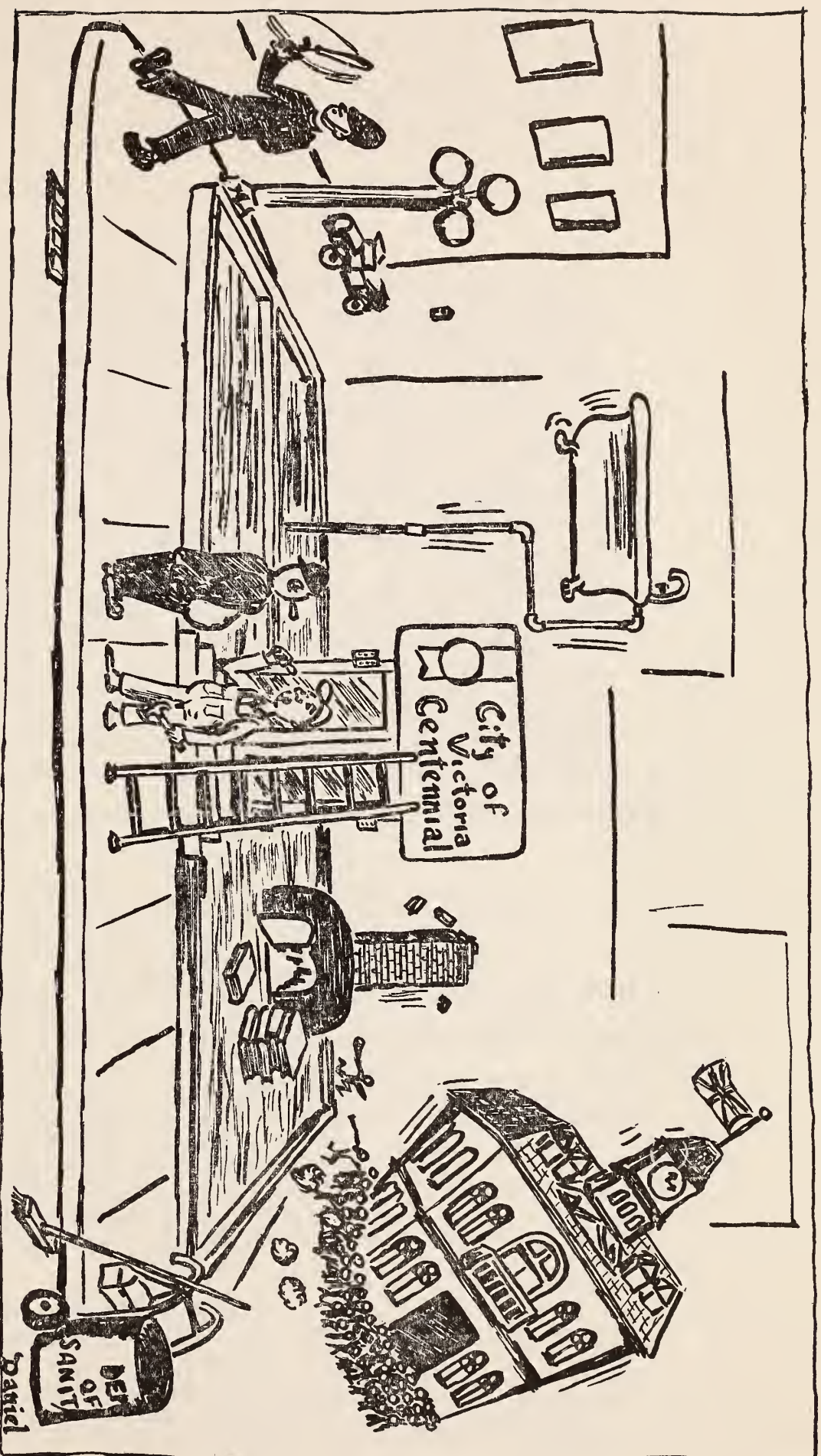
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2011. 2012. 2013. 2014. 2015. 2016. 2017. 2018. 2019. 2020. 2021.

2022. 2023. 2024. 2025. 2026. 2027. 2028. 2029. 2030. 2031. 2032.

2033. 2034. 2035. 2036. 2037. 2038. 2039. 2040. 2041. 2042. 2043.



Well, the Sign is back.



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CONTROVERSY

As the CENTURION is a chronicle devoted to free-speech, free-press, free-loaders, etc., we are decided to publish the following feature, even though it may earn for us a portion of the general antipathy directed against this rather outspoken author, due to the previous critical efforts on his part.

Here then, completely uncensored, unexpurgated, and uncalled for, are the latest gleanings from the teeming brain of our own Nary Gixon, preserved in the author's own inimitable style, as we feel he himself would have done had he not been deprived of his Junior Printers Set for neglecting to consume his allotted portion of spinach.

Trusting the author will allow us the familiartiy, we will call this

The Nary Gixon Squak Box

In its march to gargantuan oblivio n, just about anyth
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Well, there you have it. Nothing like a little constructive criticism, is there?

EDITORS

HUMOR

Bad Joke of the Week

(This seems about as good a time as any to have it)

This little gem wame to us by carrier pidgeon from Essondale:

Two diplomats, Rudolph, a Russian Ambassador, and Reginald, an English official, emerged with their wives from the Embassy in London into the weather.

"My, it's raining," commented Rudolph.

"No, it looks more like snow," returned Reginald.

At this point, Reginald's wife descretely whispered in his ear, "Don't argue, Reginald--Rudolph the Red knows rain," dear."

Yech-h-h EDITORS

In pursuance of the manifestly valid policy of CENTURION improvement, ie: "The More of You--the Less of Us", we hereby give a list of those whom we know to posess some talent in the literary field (butter 'em up). We expect, in fact, demand, some contribution, be it ever so slight, from the following:

Tom Masters
Sharon Kirk
Julian Reid
Sally Gregson

Chris Morley
Val Byers
Stan Freberg
Jose Jimanez

